

flict with him, in responding to his abolition declamation, depicted the probable result of immediate abolition at the South in an internecine war between the two races, the weaker race, the slave, overwhelmed by the stronger race, the whites, and probably falling by the tens of thousands under the word, and asking, "Does the gentleman from Massachusetts desire such a result to come?" "Yes," exclaimed the ex-president, "let them perish by the hundreds of thousands, so that this foul blot be wiped from my country's escutcheon," and this but a few years after Judge Story's declamations to the grand juries in his (Mr. Adams's) Congressional district, and at the very time that the slave trade was doubtless being prosecuted from the port of Boston.

I propose to utter not a word against the abolition party of the North. I make no war upon the honest abolitionist. I have no idea that he knew anything more of the horrors of the African slave trade from personal connection with it than was known by the people of the South. How grateful have I been to God, during some of the darkest hours of my life, that He allowed me to realize as a practical fact that, whenever we see "the livery of heaven borrowed to serve the devil in," we may rest assured that the honest wearer of it—the angel—is not very far off. And so the North was, I will not say absolutely full, but very full, of as good people as could be found in any other civilized country; but a very broad distinction soon disclosed itself between two divisions of that people; the abolitionists, on the one hand, and the "free soilers" on the other. The free soil party organized itself to protect what was called white against slave labor, but what in fact was to protect white against negro labor, as will hereafter appear. To the head of this party William H. Seward was very soon called. And in no long time had succeeded in massing to-